THE PORT FOLIO
ENLARGED.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

..... "VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."
COWPER.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER,

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. XXV.

TO SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

Yes, "it is a mere child of fancy," and wonderful fancies some of you have, when you undertake to exercise them upon *women?* How long Mr. Saunter, are we to be the sport of your coxcomb-correspondents, who know not what they talk of?.... what do they mean by accusing the "*young ladies of Philadelphia,*" of painting, of dressing indecently, and a thousand other irregularities that have no foundation in truth? What sir, because we have amongst us a few out-laws, who are always privileged to say, and to do outrageous things, are we to be characterised by their extravagancies? or do you suppose that we are not as much disgusted as you are, when our parties are disgraced by them, or is it believed that we approve, because we do not loudly declaim? No sir, we are silent although we abhor, because we know that all censures of a fashionable belle, are good-naturedly placed to the account of envy of her superior charms. Hence too the advantages which *married men* enjoy above single ones, that to them only, are "whispered the pointed observations, and satiric censures," because from the constant opportunities which they have of gaining an intimate knowledge of the female heart, they can believe, that they do really "flow from the creative fancy," and not from a malignant disposition that desires to give pain to any one. Be not "lured," therefore, gentle "bachelors into the matrimonial noose," by the fallacious imagination that in that state alone, "you can enjoy the unreserved confidence of a young woman;" learn to be just and liberal, and you too may "reap instruction on the subject of men and manners, and of women."

But pray, where has Mr. Maritus been so very discerning as to discover the other marks of confidence which he so prettily describes? where has he seen a young lady seating herself on the *lap* of a married man in company, and kissing him too! those are not the manners of *genteel* society in Philadelphia, we all know "obstinate as the attendants on the court of *fashion* may be;" it is tolerably plain, that Maritus has not the guilt of being amongst them.

It is high time to expose the unmanly ignorance and childish inconsistency of those gentlemen, whose only study seems to be, how they shall depreciate the character of their country-women, in the estimation of those who know them not. I have said, they understand not what they talk of.... witness your sagacious Mr. Tickle with his "*two* members," to note down every sentence, every word they hear "at a tea-party," surely his committee must have a miraculous facility in taking notes, especially as they are ordered to be accompanied with "copious annotations!" One would scarcely have imagined that the united talents of the whole club could have accomplished such a task!....note down the chattering of a collection of women, whose tongues, have been compared to the magpie and the parrot, to a mill and an aspen-leaf, and even to the perpetual-motion!....but the clubs are already in very able hands; to the judicious management of M. I leave them, and will only observe that, repeated doses, of such wholesome medicine, as she and the witty Beatrice have administered, might possibly have a good effect on some of these shallow scribblers.

It would not be very difficult to shew the want of truth, in most of the gentlemen, who have so grossly slandered us in the Port Folio, but as it is not my intention to examine the subject minutely, but only to excite some of my companions, who are more equal to the task, to overcome their diffidence and exert themselves in their own defence, I shall merely notice the extraordinary production of Fidelia, in your ninth number, for it is irresistibly absurd; and advise these kind creatures when they choose to appear in "female attire," that they take some little pains to conceal the cloven foot, and especially to take care that they do not libel themselves most egregiously when they only mean to admonish us.

Dear Mr. Saunter, be intreated to leave your study and come amongst us, stroll through the public walks of the city, frequent our agreeable tea-parties, and you will soon see how we are abused, and you are imposed upon; you shall *lounge* in the easiest chair in the room, and have the fullest license to censure all that you find reprehensible in our appearance or our manners.... but you shall never behold one youthful face bedaubed with paint, nor one married man indulged with a kiss from a young lady.

CONSTANTIA.

INTERESTING TRAVELS

IN AMERICA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF BULOW.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAP. XXIII.

Insignificancy of the brandy insurrection.... The Secretary of State, Randolph.... treaty with England.

The French minister, Fauchet, says in one of his dispatches to his government, which was intercepted by the English, and published in America, that the brandy drinkers broke out too soon, and thereby prevented a general concerted explosion against the government. But perhaps this young man only meant by this, to give his superiors a high opinion of his diplomatic penetration; he makes generally throughout the dispatch a great ado, with his knowledge of mankind, and his insight into the human character. The Americans do not so readily quit their home and their families, to cut one anothers throats, and this general explosion is a mere creature of the brain.

This same dispatch intercepted at sea by the English, which the English envoy, Hammond, communicated to president Washington, was attended with very disagreeable consequences to the secretary of state, Randolph. The French minister mentions in it, his frequent conferences with the secretary of state, declaims upon the corruption of so young a government: exclaims "what is to be expected from its old age, when it is already so corrupt in its infancy!" and adds, "thus with a couple of thousand dollars, the republic would have had it in her power, to raise here a civil war,"....Washington shewed Mr. Randolph this document, which excited suspicion in presence of the council of state: Randolph said he would bring explanations from the French minister, which would perfectly justify him. Fauchet was already gone to embark at Rhode-Island, for France. Randolph overtook him there, and Fauchet declared that he had always considered him as a good American patriot; that the couple of thousand dollars related to merchants, whom it was wished to have withdrawn from under a trading subjection to England, and to provisions for French account. Randolph resigned his office, and wrote his justification; there was in truth nothing proved against him.

The treaty with England, which next to Washington's retirement, is certainly the most important transaction since the peace, deserves applause, not only as a successful attempt to remove all dependence upon foreign powers, but also on account of the important possession of the forts on the lakes. For as America has neither army nor fleet; as she could oppose none but altogether insufficient means of defence, against the attack of an enemy, at all considerable, who should act with rapidity, it was certainly a master-piece of negociation, to prevail upon the English to surrender to the Americans, the forts upon the lakes, so extremely important to the English fur trade, to their influence upon the Indians, and for their military operations in case of a war with America. This important service rendered to his country, would have been of itself sufficient to crown president Washington with immortal glory. He has thereby procured for his country, a natural boundary to the northward, strengthened by forts. This boundary is now very easy to defend, though before, susceptible of no defence at all. The colonists to the westward are thereby protected against a surprize by the Indians, who by means of these forts may be kept in check. Now, for the first time properly, are those delightful regions opened to the laborious planter, whom hitherto, the fear of the Indians restrained from settling there. Nothing but the fear that America, might in this war make a common cause with France, could have made England consent to these sacrifices. This proves likewise, how skilfully Washington knew when to seize and turn to advantage the favourable moment. It also proves the prudence of the English ministry, in perceiving that the interest of England, required her to maintain a friendly connection with America, which in that case will prove, more useful to England after her independence, than she was before. By this treaty, America extricated herself

from the dependance upon France, in which she had been ever since the peace. The obligation of gratitude to France, was not thereby violated in the smallest degree, since no article of this treaty is contrary to the existing engagements of America with France. I cannot indeed bear the sentiment which the Americans, of the English party always have in their mouths; that gratitude cannot exist between nations. On the contrary; if the moral duties of individuals were to be extended to states, the world would be the better for it, and the state which should first conduct itself according to the principles of morality, would find its advantage in having set the example. As little to my taste, was their maxim, that this tribute of gratitude, if due at all, belonged not to the French nation, which at that time, had no voice in public transactions, but to their king, whom they have guillotined; for it is clear, that the king without the nation could have been of no service to the Americans, who ought therefore to be grateful to the French. But have they not likewise duties of gratitude to perform towards England? they have, by all means. Had England done for them nothing else, they were at least from the foundation of the colonies, until the period of the revolution protected by her power; for their sake, England has waged many wars, and expended her blood and treasures. From England they inherited their laws, their civil liberty, their representative system. England by her example, taught them to assert all these wholesome rights, by possessing which, she esteems herself, and indeed with truths so fortunate in comparison with other nations. Are all those benefactions at one stroke dashed out, and forever annihilated by her ill treatment, during the revolutionary war? It belongs indeed to the atheistic doctrines of our times, that one offence must sweep away the memory of an hundred benefits; but this cruel theory of revenge, dissolves all the ties of society. England is the mother of America. We still have duties to perform towards a mother, even though she may have treated us ill; especially if she returns from her errors and conducts herself better towards us....France furnished assistance against the ill treatment of this unnatural mother; and America should therefore be grateful to France too. How then must she act in the controversies between two benefactors? She should observe the most rigorous neutrality.... But is not America bound by a treaty to assist France, if she be attacked? It may be answered, did not France first declare war against England. And even if she had been first attacked, as might be maintained by those who attend more to substance than to form, was America obliged to expose herself, by engaging in the war, to the danger of a national bankruptcy, without being able, by an impotent co-operation in the war, (for it has been seen above, what her ability was in this respect.) to render such useful service to France, as she could by supplying her necessities, which, could only be possible in a state of neutrality? America has by treaties, guarranteed to France her West-India possessions. But has England declared that at the peace she meant to retain her conquests in the West-Indies? And, what is the most important of all, can America take them from the English? Has the execution of this article ever been required by France? To be sure, the Americans ought not to have sold warlike stores to the English; nor to have allowed them, in the year 1796, to purchase in Virginia more than a thousand horses to mount their cavalry in the West-Indies. It is not fit to sell to either of two parties, both our friends, arms, with which they may break each other's necks. This is what led me to the observation above, that the Americans had not been anxious to pay their tribute of gratitude to France. Against the executive power, that is, against president Washington there is not only no subject of complaint, but his conduct was conformable to the soundest principles of justice.

(To be continued.)

MISCELLANY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

[Extracts from a very novel and captivating work, entitled Remarks on local scenery and manners in Scotland, during the years 1799 and 1800, by John Sinclair, L. L. D.]

TWO miles from Alloa is Clackmannan, a miserable village, which, however, assumes the dignity of a county town....It is seated on a hill whose summit is crowned by the tower of Clackmannan, once the chief seat of the Bruce's. This venerable pile, which is going fast to decay, forms, from its situation, a picturesque object and commands a view no less admirable.

Here, a short time ago, lived the old lady of Clackmannan, no less remarkable for her wit and good humour, than for her economy and her jacobitism. On a very slender income she maintained much of the state, and all the respectability of her ancestors. She preserved the sword of king Robert Bruce, with which she assumed the right of conferring knighthood; but when asked whether she was of that Monarch's family, she answered with much dignity, "king Robert was of my family."

Mr. Erskine, of Mar, has dedicated much time to agricultural pursuits, and his influence and example have contributed towards their advancement throughout the surrounding country. One of the most important results has been the institution of annual ploughing matches, at which from fifty to an hundred ploughs generally assist. Since their establishment the dexterity of the ploughman has been evidently increased: a spirit of honest emulation has been excited among them: the honorary medals, given as prizes, are carefully preserved; and though they are of considerable intrinsic value, no instance of their being sold, by those who gained them, has ever occurred.

It was long before the ancient border customs could be wholly overcome; but they may now be said to be like "a tale that is told," nay, the very tales of a tale, the popular traditions; the memory of events attached to names and places, even the dialect itself is gradually wearing out. Still the peculiarity of situation must necessarily stamp a peculiar character on the inhabitants. The whole country is divided into different dales, named from the waters flowing through them. This is so universally the case, that "the water" is here provincially used for "the neighbourhood;" and a traveller asking for salt fish or pickled herring, may perhaps be surprised at receiving for answer, that "there is none in the water."

One singular, but now obsolete, custom formerly prevailed here, called Handfasting. There was a certain Holen, where couples met and joined hands, they then lived together a year; after which repairing once more to the same spot, they either united for life, or shook hands and separated.

The most picturesque scenery, in the interior part of this country, is on the two rivers, Doon and Ayr: the former of which falls into the sea near the old castle of Greeans. The auld brig of Doon, which crosses this river, amid gloomy crags, and thick wooded steeps, consists of a single broad arch, of ancient structure, and probably of soft quiet hue, before it was treated with its trim coating of white-wash. This spot cannot but be interesting to every lover of poetry, from its connection with that genuine poet, Burns. He was born very near it, at a little cottage, now converted into an alehouse; and he has made it the scene of one of his most original poems, Tam O'Shanter. "Alloways auld haunted kirk," which stands by the road, is a small roofless pile, little remarkable in appearace; but an object of much superstitious terror to the neigbouring peasants.

The predatory life of the old Borderers forms an interesting subject of contemplation. The term free-booter was not considered as a reproach by the Borderers....who, during the open wars of the two countries, combined with their personal views of plunder, something like a spirit of patriotism. At other times they became dangerous to both parties, though generally professing hostility only to the inhabitants of the opposite territory.

Finally when the two governments agreed to measures of mutual advantage, for the suppression of the border depredations, an irregular system of conventional justice arose, which itself was not unfrequently the source of fresh dispute and bloodshed. The old Ballads pourtray these various states, with many forcible touches of humour and pathos: and their effect is enhanced by incidents descriptive of personal character or of popular superstition.... Among them may be particularly noticed Dick o'the Corr, Jock o'the Side, Hobie Noble, the battle of the Redswaire, Johnie Armstrong, &c.

At Mr. Brown's I had the pleasure of meeting the Rev. Mr. Mac Diarmed, minister of Comry, a very successful cultivator of Cælic literature. The arguments of this gentleman in support of the authenticiy of Ossian's poems were of considerable weight; but as I have already touched sufficiently on that subject, I shall only adduce an instance of that singular attachment to poetry, which, until the changes of modern manners, even the poorest of the Highlanders possessed. Among some specimens of poems, composed within living memory, by persons wholly untutored. Mr. Mac Diarmed favoured me with a literal translation of the following, which I shall transcribe, with the alteration only of a few Cælic idioms.

"The forsaken maid's lament,
"Tha n'oiche nochd fuar," &c.

"I wander in the cold night, and cannot rest. My heart beats quick. My mind is troubled, and heavy like a boat, tossing on the sea, without sail or rudder. Henceforth let no maid love, as I have loved, though the dear youth speak never so tenderly; though his words be never so pleasing to her ear; his affections will be light as the sea borne wind, unsteady as the fishes near the shore, which fly at the least alarm, alas, no more to return.

"Allan was my delight. His skin was white, and smooth as the down of the hills. In killing the Deer he excelled among hunters. When he bent forward on the oar, and cut his way through the waves, the misty hills and far-off glens, soon came in sight; when he sat at the helm, the boisterous billows yielded to his skill.

"O Allan the love I bear thee has darkened my face in the days of youth; it will bring me to an early grave! when first I felt it I told it to thee; but thy surprise, thy vexation, made my cheeks at once grow pale. Alas! I know thou wilt be afflicted with real grief; for soon shall I be laid low in the earth. In yonder church yard shall I be laid; and thy heart will be pierc'd with sorrow. A stone will be placed at my head; it will not reply to thy questions; then will thy woe be full."

A TRANSLATION

FROM THE PERSIAN OF KOURASSIN.

"To Allah the Most High be all honour and praise! Let every one bow down before his throne, to which all the powers of heaven do homage. Eblis, Eblis himself, though he presume to usurp divine honours on this lower world, pays his duty at the footstool of the Most High!

"After a day's severe fasting, I wandered into the woods of Kurdistan. The paths were intricate and perplexed, and I picked my way for some time with caution. Flowers of the most enchanting hues, and the most exquisite perfume, bordered the path;....the lotos flower and the tuberose scented the air; the high palmetto and the feathery

acacia waved over my head; and the birds warbled in delightful melody among their branches. A rapid and transparent stream diffused fragrance and verdure over this beautiful region; and the inequalities of hill and valley, wood and heath, added charms to this most delicious spot. Yet, though I could have wished to linger here forever, I forgot not that I had to return, and carefully observed the windings of the various paths that crossed the forest. At length, having reached an opening through which I could discern the glorious hues lighted up in the west by the departing beams of Mithra, I seated myself under a large tree, and abandoned my mind to the charms of contemplation...." Surely" thought I, "it is good for man to be here, and he needs not seek a fairer paradise, when he can enjoy such a scene as this that now ravishes my mind." Then when I beheld the magnolia already shedding its tender spoils on the ground, I called to mind the saying of Yesef Eben Ibrahim; *When the leaves bud forth, think of the despoiled stalks.....* "True," said I aloud, "the season of spring is delightful, and the glowing summer and the fruitful autumn come to fulfil its fairest promise: but after all comes winter, which swallows up all the benefits of its predecessors, resembling the wise adage of the sage Rhedi-al-Usuruf; *Ingratitnde has a wide swallow.*

"While I thus ruminated, a gilded serpent came slowly gliding from between the paths, and while I admired the glossy lustre of his scales, darted out his forky tongue. Springing up, I aimed a blow at him, which laid him dead at my feet. I resumed my seat, and gazing on my crest-fallen enemy, I thus pondered...." Even so do unsuspected villains steal across the path of the unthinking man, and wound him with their venomed fangs! Happy will be that world where winter comes not, ingratitude is not known, and malice has no entrance.

"Lost in such musings, I scarcely heeded the gradual change from day to twilight; but when at length the hooting of the bird of night roused me from my reverie, I arose from my mossy seat, and determined to retrace my way back to the city.... I wandered long before I discovered that I had taken a wrong turn, and was every moment more enveloped in the intricacies of the forest. In vain I strove to return upon my steps: the similarity of the scenes presented but very feeble indications, and even had they been stronger, the increasing darkness of night would have prevented my availing myself of them. At length the rising moon shot her rays directly across the path on which I stood, and I perceived that I was on the edge of a tremendous precipice....I shuddered at the danger I had been thus providentially enabled to escape, and bent my knees in thankful adoration to Allah.

"I rested a while on a projection of rock, to compose my feelings after the shock this circumstance had given to them; and while I sat, the moon acquired lustre sufficient to shew me the dreadful scene in all its horrors. The chasm below seemed as if it must have been formed by the convulsion of an earthquake. Huge masses of rock were piled on each other in all directions, and the abrupt and steepy sides, were, in some places, covered with rude vegetation, in others bare, and full of yawning fissures. The depth of the gulf, my eyes, assisted only by the deceitful moonlight, were unable to penetrate; but the silver rays were reflected in the rough waves of a foaming torrent, that rolled at the bottom, and seemed to rush along over rugged projections of stone. I fancied I discovered a path that led to this extraordinary abyss; and urged by irresistible curiosity, I resolved to attempt the descent.

"The only talk in the city was of the new worship; and the mysterious secrecy observed respecting its peculiar institutions, only served to render the uninitiated more inquisitive. I had heard persons, in whose authority I could not depend, talk of the Valley of Horror as the scene appointed for the celebration of of the worship of Eblis; but I by no means imagined that a spot so worthy of the name, existed in the neighbourhood of the city, undiscovered by such a wanderer as myself.

"This circumstance redoubled my curiosity, and I attempted the declivity at the most accessible part. This had never, I believe, been hewn out for a path; it was merely a channel, worn by some stream, which had either ceased to flow, or had turned its waters into another direction. I was now obliged to let myself down by tough branches of the creeper amavi, and now to leap from point to point with exertion the most perilous. Torn, bruised, and alarmed, I reached at length the bottom of the abyss, and found myself on the banks of a sluggish river, whose heavy and dark-coloured waves emitted a pitchy smoke. The banks of the river resembled cindery fragments of a volcano, and the sulphureous smell almost suffocated me. "Surely" thought I, "this cavern must be the entrance to the dominions of Arimanius, and this stream a portion of the fiery flood that surrounds his palace." At length, overcome by exertion and suffocation, I swooned away, and lay for an uncertain period, in a state of insensibility. When I resumed my powers, I was surprised to see a gleam of light darting through a fissure at a remote corner of the cavern; and, watching with attention its evident approach, I perceived at length several figures enter, habited in long flame-coloured robes, each bearing torches, which they waved about with gestures of the most frantic wildness. This procession was closed by entrance of a tall personage, clothed in black, whose head was encircled with a coronet, which appeared to me of living fire. The whole train approached the pitchy river, on the opposite bank of which I lay. I endeavoured to hide myself among some of the singed shrubs, that were not utterly destroyed by the fiery exhalations, and succeeded in finding a place which concealed me from their view. The subordinate personages attended the figure in black, with every symptom of respect, to a spot where the river, by a sudden evolution, formed a sort of small cove. Here the whole party remained for some time immoveable, while their countenances seemed expressive of internal abstraction and adoration; the personage in black then in a loud voice, commanded the stranger to be brought forth.

"The terror I felt at these words, which I concluded to apply to myself, is not to be described. I lay still in my hiding-place, resolved only to yield to absolute force, and not to betray myself by any sudden emotion; and my fears subsided, when I perceived four of the flame-coloured attendants drag from a cavern, on the opposite side, a man who seemed in a swoon. The superior uttered aloud some words in an unknown language, amongst which, however, I distinguished the name of Eblis. He then ordered the attendants to strip the man, and seizing him by the arm, plunged him, still insensible into the pitchy flood, that rolled sluggishly along. The shock recalled the unhappy man to his senses; and I beheld him, with surprise, express by his gestures the most extravagant joy. Immediately the superior took him by the hand; and while the surrounding ministers attired him in a flame-coloured garment similar to their own, he congratulated him on being now a servant of Eblis.

"After a destined period of probation," said he, "thou shalt be admitted to all the privileges Eblis confers upon his faithful worshippers. The secrets of nature and the arcana of magic shall be unveiled to thee. The spirits which fulfil his orders shall be submitted to thy power, and thou shalt be enabled to accomplish at once all thy wishes. But in order to arrive at so high a pitch of felicity, thou must, during the appointed interval, be truly devoted to his will; thou must never fail to assist at our sacrifices, and must endeavour to render them, by thy presents, worthy of being offered to our powerful divnity."

"The newly initiated made a reply expressive of gratitude, and eagerness to hasten the period of fruition. But he was dismissed with the greatest part of the votaries, through the same fissure at which he had entered; and there remained only three besides the superior. He then addressed them in the following terms;....

"The moment is now arrived when your services are about to be accepted. Ye have passed the period of probation with honour, and have never omitted any endeavours to promote the cause of Eblis among the children of the world. Come ye worshippers of the immortal fire! come, and receive the reward of your labours. One ceremony past, and ye shall be admitted to the innermost recesses of his palace, whose brightness is above all conception, and which ye have well merited to inhabit, by your noble disdain of the blind prejudices of mortals. Ye have, with a superior grandeur of soul, burst the bands of consanguinity, despised the weak maxims of what men call virtue, and sought only to increase the glory of the infernal fire: ye shall now drink of this cup, and be admitted at once to all the privileges of the most favoured worshippers!"

"With these words, the superior plunged a vessel of adamant into the pitchy stream, and offered it, steaming with sulphureous smoke, to his deluded followers. The first raised it to his lips, and having swallowed a part of its contents, fell to the ground in a swoon; the second and third drank likewise, and met with a similar fate. Quickly, however recovering, they addressed the superior with countenances and voices expressive of the most dreadful tortures.

"How hast thou deceived us!" exclaimed they. "What is this horrible internal fire we feel? Are these torments to be eternal?"

"Eternal!"....replied the monster, with a ghastly grin...." ye now feel in your hearts, the fire that is never quenched....the just reward of your labours. It is our amusement," continued he, "to delude unwary mortals with specious tales and alluring equivocations; and, by increasing the number of the votaries, seem to obtain a fanciful relief. Go.... the mysteries of magic, and the command of spirits are your's. Go, profit by what you have so hardly earned!"

"With these words, he burst into a loud and insulting laugh, while, with horrible howlings, the three deluded victims tore open their garments, and displayed their bosoms burning with unquenchable fire. After a most dreadful interval, the figure in black placed on each of their heads a circlet of fire like his own: and recommending patience and composure to them, ordered them to seek their own habitations, and, like him, endeavour to procure new votaries to Eblis.

"The faint rays of morning began now to streak the sky, and being once more alone in the Cavern of Horrors, I determined to attempt the ascent, not daring to follow the steps of the strange beings I had seen, lest I should be led into the dominions of Eblis. Painful as had been my descent into this horrible place, I found the return to the upper world still more difficult; but at length, by perseverance and extreme labour, I effected my emancipation; and shuddering with horror, regained the place from whence I had wandered the preceding day. Exhausted with toil and fasting, I had scarcely strength to return to my own abode; but the most distressing consequence of my adventure was, the total loss of my confidence in my fellow-creatures. I wanted to pull off the turban, and tear open the vest of every man I conversed with, to ascertain whether or not he were a votarist of the infernal fire; but I had the happiness, by representing to many who had wavered, the facts I yet witnessed,

of fixing them more firmly than ever, in the faith of their forefathers."

Let those who shall read the adventure of Noutassin, learn, not to be seduced by the wiles of mystery, nor to listen to the magnificent promises of novelty. The paths of virtue and true happiness are plain and open, and their dictates will bear to be tried by the touchstone of truth.

BIOGRAPHY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

[The following has been elegantly translated from the French for the Port Folio, and is a new picture of an illustrious woman.]

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF MADAME MAINTENON.

Frances d'Aubigné, grand-daughter of the famous Theodore Agrippa d'Aubigné so celebrated in history, was born in 1635, in the prison of the parliament, where her father was confined. Born in a prison, she was truly a child of misery, was early taught the language of sorrow, and too soon she learnt to suffer. In 1639, Madame d'Aubigné procured the release of her husband, who removed to the islands with his wife and daughter. There he soon amassed a considerable fortune, but by imprudence, which is very common in those who are suddenly raised from extreme poverty to great affluence, it was squandered, with more rapidity than it had been accumulated. He died soon after, leaving his affairs entirely deranged. Madame d'Aubigné was again plunged into poverty and adversity, with the additional horrors, of being removed from her personal friends; she returned to France, and educated her daughter in the calvinistic persuasion. Madame de Neuillant, and her relations obtained an order from court, and took her to her house, with an intention of making her change her religion; but firm in her first principles, Mademoiselle persisted therein so steadily, that they at last employed violent means to make her renounce them. Humiliations, however, of every kind had on her the effect, they generally have on great souls; far from overcoming, they strengthened her belief. They at last reduced her to the degrading situation of feeding poultry: but soon becoming the object of a young peasant's attachment, Madame de Neuillant, was obliged to place her in the convent of the Ursulines at Niort. It was here that she embraced the established religion, her conviction of its superiority arising from the mild, friendly and rational instructions of an abbess who had conceived a friendship for her. It was in this retreat that her mind was unfolded, and the virtues of her heart expanded. On her return to Paris, she was very soon celebrated for the charms of her mind, and the sweet complacency of her manners. She there married M. Scarron, so distinguished in the republic of letters, for original gaiety. This was a very advantageous alliance; but her happiness and independence were but fleeting, and both were sacrificed to the imprudence of her husband in publishing a libel against the cardinal Mazarin; upon which the minister withdrew the pension the court had granted him.

Scarron died in 1660, leaving very little to his widow, who retired to the convent of the blue nuns, and was under the necessity of living with very strict economy. She did not quit this place until Louis XIV. confided to her care the education of his children by Madame de Montespan. Thus, although she most unexpectedly again arose from indigence to opulence, yet she sacrificed her liberty, to a servitude, which Madame de Montespan often made very painful. In spite, however, of this sacrifice, the king had conceived a dislike to her, which was carried to such excess, that he once reproved Madame de Montespan for passing an evening with her. "With what readiness, said he to her, can you find an excuse for associating with this affected woman, do you wish she should make you as affected as she is herself?" But when he became more acquainted with the many amiable qualities of her heart, and the great powers of her mind, he was insensibly inspired with other sentiments for her. Antipathy gave place to friendship, and friendship in his breast was but the bud of the most ardent and tender, constant and sincere love.

The king presented her with 100,000 francs as a compensation for her attention to Monsieur le duc du Maine, with which donation, she purchased Maintenon, and Lewis XIV. requested her to take the name. It has, with very little foundation, been said that she used to blush at bearing the name of Scarron, she had too much elevation of soul, to be capable of such weakness. After the death of the queen and the disgrace of Madame de Montespan, the king felt more and more the value of such a friend as she was. She held the highest station at court, and the world whispered that Louis had married her privately. The father de la Chaise, her confessor, it was said, advised this step, and Monsieur de Harlai, archbishop of Paris, performed the rites in presence of two witnesses. But of this we have no positive proof. The king was then about forty-eight, and Madame de Maintenon about fifty years old. In her present elevated station, equally modest as pious, she was constantly exercising her charity and benevolence. Among other useful establishments, she founded that of St. Cyr, and designed it for the education and protection of young ladies without friends or fortune. The king continued his attachment to her without abatement: and how could it be otherwise, towards a woman, to whom he was indebted for the wisest counsel; who had never allured him but to virtue, and who in weaning his mind from the illusions of this life, had enriched it by those religious ideas, which, when overwhelmed with sorrow, beneath the pressure of misfortune, supported him with new hope, and were at last his only consolation? This great monarch died in 1715. Death for him had no terror, but he was greatly grieved at the idea of a separation from a friend, whom he so tenderly loved, and whose claim on his affection was founded in solid and real merit. After his death Madame de Maintenon, dismissed her attendants and retired to St. Cyr, where, having formed the resolution of mingling no more in this world, she resignedly and devoutly awaited the hour, when she should in great glory arise with the blessed. At St. Cyr she received a visit from the Czar Peter I. who was desirous of her acquaintance. And there she died on the nineteenth of April, 1719.

The letters of Madame de Maintenon, are worthy of great admiration. They possess peculiar excellence. As those of Madame de Sevigné are chefs d'œuvres of delicacy and grace, so those of Maintenon are models of purity and wisdom. In reading her letter to Madame de la maison Forte, and that to Madame la duchesse de Burgoyne, we can almost imagine it came from the pen of Solomon. I shall only add that piety is their great characteristic, and, that their intrinsic merit has established a fame, which my praise cannot increase.

There is engraven on a monument, placed in the church of Saint Louis de St. Cyr, the following epitaph, composed by the abbe de Vertot, and revised by mareschal de Noailles, who married the niece of Madame de Maintenon.

Sacred to the Memory
of
Frances d'Aubigné,
Marchioness de Maintenon,
A truly pious and illustrious
woman:
Such, as the wise man
Vainly sought for, in his age,
And would have proposed as a model
Had he lived in ours.
Her birth was noble:
Her mind enlightened.
Her virtues many.
Wisdom, sweetness and modesty,
Dwelt in that mind
Devoid of guile.
In all the vicissitudes of this life,
She was the same:
Constant in virtue, stedfast
In her principles:
The same just rules always govern'd
Her conduct.
Faithful, in the exercises of piety:
Tranquil amid the agitations of a court:
Simple in grandeur:
Humble amid riches and honours:
Revered by Louis the great:
Sharing his glory:
Possessing his highest confidence:
The sole directress of his bounty.
She exercised her power with
Equal justice.
A mother to the orphan:
A friend to the needy:
To the unfortunate her sympathy
Was healing.
Her tongue was sweetness:
Her soul was
Wisdom.
A life so illustrious, terminated
In a death, holy,
And
Precious in the sight of God.

She was buried in the monastery which she founded, and has left an example of the most exalted virtue behind her.

AN AUTHOR'S EVENINGS

FROM THE SHOP OF MESSRS. COLON AND SPONBEE.

In Reid's Anecdotes, a new and fashionable parlour-window book, we find something like the origin of the following terrible and mysterious tale. Independently of some poetical ornaments, and the usual license of the *terrific* tribe of bards, the story, injurious as it is to human nature, is genuine and authentic. Events, similar to those recorded below, have taken place in the lives of some of the more flagitious of Passion's votaries.

THE HOUSE UPON THE HEATH,*

A WELCH TALE,

Triste jacet talebris, evitandumque Bidental.
PERSIUS.

The midnight bell had toll'd, and all was still;
Fast fell the snow on Radnor's cloud-capt hill:
The moon's unshadow'd orb reflected round,
Play'd o'er the roofs, and glisten'd on the ground;
Up the rude rock, where Glendower's fort once stood,
Hung with the horrors of its ancient wood,
Lo! anxious bending o'er his jaded steed,
A breathless horseman hastes with eager speed.
Loud ring the stones beneath his horses feet,
And echo dies along the distant street;
And with a deep and hollow murmuring groan,
The sighing gale sad whispers through the town.
Hark! at yon humble door, where deep repose
Relieves from care the friend of woman's woes,
A sudden silence marks the stranger staid;
Then, thus his hurried voice invokes her aid:
..." Arise! for pity's sake, kind Leech, arise!
" In child-bed's pangs a wretched female dies!
" Oh! here is gold, and here's a courser fast:
" Oh! haste, or life's swift waning hour is past"
Prompt at the call of woe, the Leech arose,
Faint creaks the stair, the lowly doors unclose,
When, his dark shadow lengthening on the night,
A muffled stranger met her wond'ring sight;
Black was his garb, a mask his face conceal'd,
His mien, his gestures, dignity reveal'd.

* This story is founded on a fact, which happened at the beginning of the last century, in the neighbourhood of a market-town in the west of England; the real narrative involved the horror of incest, which the author, for many reasons rejected; indeed, as it is, he has found his principal difficulty in composing those parts, where the description must be *intelligible*, without being too *minute*.

Silent he stood, and more than human seem'd,
As on his scowling eye the full moon beam'd.
Starting, the Leech awaits his stern command;
Slow to the courser points his waving hand.
Dismay'd she shrieks....her arm the stranger grasps,
Mounts the proud steed, and firm her body clasps.
She shrieks! but lo a dagger at her breast,
Instant the struggling sounds of fear repress'd.
Around her eyes his murky vest he throws,
And spurs impetuous o'er the scatter'd snows;
Loud ring the stones beneath his courser's feet,
And echo dies along the distant street.

Now, downward shooting to the rock's deep base,
Headlong descends the steed's unbridled pace;
His thundering hoofs the craggy passage spurn,
Behind, a fainter ray the woods return;
And now, unbroken by o'ershadowing trees,
Full o'er the wild moor bursts the eddying breeze.
Now swifter still, and swifter as they speed,
The vales afar and lessening hills recede;
Up the rough steep the panting courser strains,
Or bounds resistless o'er the level plains.
Long through the lonely night's unvarying hours,
The field he crosses, and the forest scours;
No voice, no sound his silent course arrests,
Save where the screech-owls hover round their nests;
Or to their shrouds from pain and penance borne,
Returning spirits speak the rising morn;
Droop as they pass, and with prophetic groan,
Bewail impending sorrows not their own.

Keen blows the gale, a barren heath they cross,
Light flies the courser o'er the yielding moss;
Round the bleak wold he winds his circling way,
Snuffs the fresh air, and vents the joyful neigh;
Deep sink his steps amid the waste of snows,
And slackening speed proclaims the journey's close.
They stop....the stranger lifts his sable hood....
Fast by the moor a lonely mansion stood;
Cheerless it stood! a melancholy shade
Its moulder'ing front and rifled walls array'd;
Barred were the gates, the shattered casements clos'd
And brooding horror on its site repos'd;
No tree o'erhung the uncultivated ground,
No trace of labour or of life around.

Appall'd, the Leech surveys the solemn scene,
But watches chief her guide's mysterious mien.
He with fierce stride and stern expressive look,
Where shelving walls conceal'd a gloomy nook,
Drags her reluctant....There with anxious eyes,
Mid the rank grass an iron gate she spies:
The jarring hinges with harsh sound unclose,
A broken stair the feeble twilight shows;
Cautious the stranger climbs the rough ascent:
No lamp its hospitable guidance lent.
Speechless he leads through chambers dark and drear,
When a deep dying *groan* appalls the ear.
Now, with increasing haste he hurries on,
Where, through a rent, the sickly moon-beams shone.
The light directs....his trembling hands explore,
Sunk in the pannell'd walls, a secret door.
...." Within this sad retreat," he faultering said,
" A hapless female asks thy instant aid."
Aloof he stands....The door with thundering sound,
Enclos'd the Leech; loud rings the roof around,
The tatter'd arras o'er the wainscoat falls,
And lengthen'd echoes shake the distant walls.
Now breathless silence reigns the mansion o'er,
Save where a faint step treads the distant floor.
Anon, it pauses....ceas'd the short delay,
It slowly stalks with measur'd pace away,
Anon, affrighted by the whispering blast,
Stands, as in doubt, irregularly fast;
And now, as listening, or in thoughtful mood,
Lo! near the secret door the stranger stood.
His eye distracted rolls, his threatening brow,
Through bristled hair, he knits, and mutters low;
Lifts his clench'd hands, a groan of death within
Impatient hears, and frantic rushes in.

Round a vast room with blackest arras hung,
Its blood-red hues a flaming furnace flung;
Full in the midst it casts a deadly glare,
And heats with sulphurous clouds the tainted air!
O'er the arch'd ceiling plays the quivering light,
And brings by turns each dark recess to sight.
Here the approaching stranger's figure shows,
And tints of horror o'er his visage throws;
Here on an humble couch, by grief bow'd down,
The lovely manston of a spirit flown!
A *female form*, with yet unalter'd charms,
A child embracing in its senseless arms.
The mother's blessing with life's latest breath,
Arrested on her lips still smiles in death;
The unconscious infant on her bosom lies
Pleas'd, and forgetful of its plaintive cries.

Oh! could a *brother* unsubdued behold
The lifeless parent thus her child infold;
Shed, as he calmly gazed no pitying tear,
With steady foot, with brow serene, draw near?
No....when extended in death's cold embrace,
That beauteous form he sees with heavenly face,
Affection rushes on his downcast eye,
And yielding nature owns the powerful tie.

" Condemn'd," he cried, " untimely to the tomb,
" Disgrace, my sister, antedates thy doom.
" Yet had thy life, unseen, ignobly flown,
" Screen'd from the world to virtuous scorn unknown,
" Though indignation wept thy wounded fame,
" Though tinged thy brother's glowing cheek with shame;
" Conceal'd dishonour had relieved my pain,
" And this stern breast return'd thy love again.
" Hid in this lone retreat from censure's eye,
" I deem'd the hour of shame would quickly fly;
" But vain the hope! what words my rage can tell?
" E'en wrath still mingles with my last farewell;
" Before my eye the guilty visions roll,
" Now thirst of vengeance fires my angry soul.

" But thou, lost wretch, ere this dark scene's reveal'd,
" Thy lips in endless silence shall be seal'd!
" The means of vengeance has thy aid supplied....
" Go! and the punishment of guilt divide!"
His murderous dagger strikes the Leech's breast....
Groaning, she sinks to everlasting rest.

" And thou! foul offspring of a stol'n embrace,
" The hateful image of thy father's face,
" Accursed remembrance of my injured pride,
" Of a false sister to my foe allied;
" Thee ling'ring pangs, protracted tortures wait,
" The parent's crimes their child shall expiate.
" This arm, to avenge a sister's virgin bed,
" The guilty blood of her defiler shed;
" Insulting union with my deadliest foe,
" How ill atoned by *one* avenging blow!
" Yes, should in thee a trace of guilt remain,
" My tarnish'd honour still betrays a stain;
" Love, yet unchang'd forbade a sister's death,
" But Hate, unceasing, claims thy forfeit breath...."

Furious the infant from the couch he tears,
Fierce to the flames its writhing body bears;
Aloft his arm with sway resistless whirls,
Then headlong down its trembling burden hurls.
As round the child the fiery circle creeps,
Lo! from the midst, untouch'd, unhurt, it leaps!
Nerved with unnatural strength by heavenly aid,
Its suppliant hands upraised for mercy prayed.

Aghast the villain stands in dumb amaze....
The aspiring flames in troubled volumes blaze;
Speechless he paused....Wild frenzy fires his soul,
And bursting passions in confusion roll;
The child again he grasps ...Beneath his hand,
In pointed spires, the flames aspiring stand,
Back they recoil! nor dare their victim meet,
The furnace blackens with extinguish'd heat!

Swift from the yawning depth of smother'd fire
A sulphurous stench exhales, and clouds aspire;
All ghastly pale a form terrific stood,
Its side deep gaping and distain'd with blood;
Full on the stranger's face its hollow eye
Intent it hurls, and pours a piteous cry;
Entwines its icy arms his limbs around,
Yells a loud yell, and cleaves the rending ground.

As through the black abyss the murderer falls,
Faint streaks of glory gild the mouldering walls,
Till lo! enveloped in a flood of light,
Descends a seraph-form confess'd to sight.
A radiant shroud around the spirit floats;
Above, a requiem breathes aerial notes;
When with a mother's fond encircling arms,
Sweetly it soothes the dying child's alarms,
And, as triumphant swells the angelic strain,
The soul untainted wafts to heaven again.

Far as they soar, remov'd from mortal eyes,
Lo! angry lightnings fire the troubled skies;
The sun obscur'd draws back his rising ray,
And vollied thunders usher in the day.
The storm is o'er....with still, unruffled breath
The breeze of morning fans the desert heath;
Struck by the bolt of heaven, in heaps around
A prostrate ruin strews the blasted ground!
Here, wandering shades the spell-bound circle tread,
And midnight magic wakes the silent dead.
The yawning earth pours forth a stream of blood,
And groans re-echo where the mansion stood.
Pale at the sound, with oft reverted eyes
Far, far aloof, the starting traveller flies.

Dr. John Eachard, a quaint and waggish writer of the last age, has consigned to posterity a facetious book, which will continue to excite merriment as long as man is a risible animal. In the course of these my evening labours, or *levities*, I have, more than once, quoted from this favourite author, and I am solicitous to have his books taken from the shelves, and read carefully over, because they are both merry and *wise*. Dean SWIFT has manifestly read them with diligence, and sometimes has not disdained to copy them with fidelity. STERNE, who was a great *poacher*, has frequently hunted wit over the Parnassian fields of this jocose divine. He has been equally caressed by grave bishops, and the bantering jester. He has proved himself a formidable adversary to the acute HOBBES, a far famed sceptic, and in the fencing school of controversy, his force to thrust, and his adroitness to parry, rank him among the most accomplished. Let us laugh at his description of a glaring fault, incident to many preachers, who are prodigal of metaphors, at the very great expense of their understanding.

The first thing that makes many sermons so ridiculous, and the preachers of them so much disparaged and undervalued is, an inconsiderate use of *frightful metaphors*; which, making such a remarkable impression upon the ears, and leaving such a jarring twang behind them, are oft times remembered to the discredit of the minister, as long as he continues in the parish. I have heard the very children in the streets, and the little boys close about the fire, refresh themselves strangely, with the repetition of a few far fetched and odd sounding expressions. Tully and Cæsar, the two greatest masters of Roman eloquence, were very wary and sparing of that sort of rhetoric. We may read many a page in their works before we *meet with any of those bears*: and, if you do light upon one or so, it shall not make your hair stand right up, or put you into a fit of convulsion, but it shall be so soft, significant, and familiar, as if it were made for the very purpose. But, as for the common sort of people, that are addicted to this way of expression in their discourses, away presently to both the Indies, rake heaven and earth down to the bottom of the sea, then tumble over all arts and sciences, ransack all shops and warehouses, spare neither camp nor city, but that they will have them. So fond are such deceived ones of these same gay words, that they count all discourses empty, dull, and cloudy, unless bespangled with these glitterings. To which may be further subjoined, that metaphors, though very apt and allowable, are intelligible but to some sorts of men of this or that kind of life, of this or that profession: for example, perhaps one gentleman's metaphorical knack of preaching comes of the *sea*, and then we shall hear of nothing but starboard and larboard, of stems, sterns, and forecastles, and such like salt water language: so that one had need to take a voyage to Smyrna, or Aleppo, and very warily attend to all sailor's terms, before I shall, in the least, understand my teacher. Now, although such a sermon may possibly do some good in a *coast town*, yet *upward* in the *country*, in an *inland* parish, it would do no more than Syrian or Arabic. Another, he *falls a fighting* with his text, and makes a pitched battle of it, dividing it into the right wing and left wing, then he rears it, flanks it, intrenches it, storms it; then musters all again to see what word was lost or maimed in the skirmish, and falling on again with fresh valour, he fights backward or forward, charges through and through, routs, kills and takes, and then, gentlemen, *as you were*. Now, to such of his parish as have been in the *late wars*, this is not very formidable; for they do but suppose themselves at Naseby or Edge-hill, and they are not much *scared* at this doctrine; but, as for others, who have not had such *fighting opportunities*, it is very lamentable to consider how *shivering they sit*, without understanding, until *the battle be over!*

It may be remembered, by those, who have looked into that kind of theological trash, with which many of the disciples of John Knox have overloaded the groaning world, that quaint *divisions* and violent ruptures of a text were thought to be of the very essence of ingenuity. Observe with what exquisite humour, and with what correct taste, EACHARD describes this dreadful *dislocation* of the Scriptures.

In the next place, he comes to divide the text. Now off come the gloves, and the hands being well chafed, he shrinks up his shoulders, and stretches forth himself, as if he were going to cleave a bullock's head, or rive the body of an oak. But all texts come not asunder alike; for sometimes the words naturally fall asunder; sometimes they drop asunder; sometimes they melt; sometimes they untwist; and there are some words so willing to be parted, that they divide themselves to the great ease and rejoicing of the minister. But if they will not easily come in pieces, then he falls to hacking and hewing, as if he would make all fly into shivers. I have known now and then some knotty texts, that have been divided seven or eight times over, before they could make them split handsomely, according to their mind,

But then comes the joy of joys when the parts jingle, or begin with the same letter; and especially, if in Latin. O how it tickled the divider, when he had got his text into these two excellent branches; *accusatio vera; comminatio severa;* a *charge full of verity;* a *discharge full of severity. Duplex miraculum; miraculum in modo, and miraculum in nodo.* But the luckiest, both for wit and keeping the letter, is upon these words: when the unclean spirit is gone out of man, he walketh in dry places, seeking rest, and finding none. Then he saith I will return. In which words all these strange things were found out. First, there was a captain and a castle. Do you see, sir, the *same letter.* Then there was an ingress and egress. Then, there was unroosting and unresting. Then there was number and name, manner and measure, trouble and trial, resolution and revolution, assaults and assassination, voidness and vacuity.

But, for a *short* text, that certainly was the greatest break that ever was, which was once occasioned by these words of St. Luke, *weep not for me, but weep for yourselves.* It is a plain case, sir; here are but *eight words,* and the business was so cunningly ordered, that there sprung out *eight parts. Here are,* says the doctor, *eight words* and *eight parts*; 1. *Weep not.* 2. *But weep.* 3. *Weep not, but weep.* 4. *Weep for me.* 5. *For yourselves.* 6. *For me, for yourselves. Weep not for me.* 8. *But weep for yourselves.* That is to say, adds the merry Eachard, the wittiest of the clerical flock*; *North; North and by East, North North East,* North East and by North, North East, North East and by East; East North East, East and by North, East.

FESTOON OF FASHION.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

To those who are ashamed of *red* hair, which the Romans thought a beauty, and to those who are ashamed of *grey* hair, which many think looks venerable, we must recommend the following suggestion, by the ingenious Mr. Overton, who seems to contradict the scripture assertion, "Thou canst not make one hair white or black."

To the nobility and gentry, &c.....No. 47, new Bond street, Mr. Overton's, where may be seen specimens of red or grey hair changed to various beautiful and natural shades of flaxen, brown, or black. As many ladies are compelled, from their hair changing grey, at a very early period, to adopt the use of wigs, such ladies are respectfully informed, that their own hair may be changed to any shade they chuse, in the course of a few hours, by the use of the never failing tricosian fluid, and such is its permanency, that neither the application of powder, pomatum, or even washing, will, in the least, alter the colour. It is easy in application, and may be used at any season of the year, without danger of taking cold, being a composition of the richest aromatics, and highly beneficial in nervous head-achs, or weakness of the eyes. To convince the nobility, &c. any lady sending a lock of her hair, post paid, (sealed with her arms so as to prevent deception) shall have it returned the next day, changed to any colour shewn at the places of sale. Sold in bottles at £1 1s. by Mr. Golding, perfumer to her majesty, Cornhill; Mr. Overton, No 47, new Bond street; Mr. Wright, Wade's passage, Bath; and no where else in the kingdom.

Mr. T. Bowman of London, peruke maker, &c. gives a noble specimen of a disinterested spirit, when he tells the ladies that his "Full dress patent head dresses, are beautifully simple, when folded up and fastened with a bodkin; are easily drest in any stile the best head of hair is capable of, and *much superior in beauty.*" Price 6. 8. 10. 12. 15. and TWENTY GUINEAS!! The *beautiful simplicity* of Mr. Bowman's charge will, it is feared, occasion some *complex* calculations, in the heads of rational, plodding, and pains taking hubands, who have any heads, rather than *patent heads.*

The following broad hint is extracted verbatim from a London paper. It seems it sometimes is the fashion for modern ladies to ape the ardour of Sempronia of whom Sallust informs us, that such was the warmth of her heart, she solicited her lovers, rather than they solicited her.

TO THE GENTLEMEN.

A *widow* lady of respectable connections free from any family, mistress of a genteel house in one of the principal streets of the strand, by the malicious insinuations of a pretended female friend, has been misrepresented in such a manner as to cause her to be extremely embarrassed for the small sum of £60. To any gentleman of liberality and generous sentiments, who through humanity will step forward and advance the sum of £100, she will not only give every necessary security, but will be *particular* in her *endeavours* to render her house a comfortable home for him for any period of time agreed upon as a *lodger* and boarder, or *lodger only* as may be most agreeable. Address to A. B. at Mr. Underwood's, No. 3. *Angel* court, Strand.

I challenge the critics to amend the above admirable advertisement. Was ever a loan of money, *never to be repaid,* solicited with such a winning grace. How liberally, liberality, generous sentiments, and humanity are ascribed to that courteous knight, who will *advance* to the protection of this distressed damsel. How particular is she in her endeavours to allure him to her *comfortable* house and how she intreats him to *tarry all night,* with a persuasive *turn in hither I beseech thee.* How many honest gentlemen in the *warmth* of their generosity, will inquire for this *angelic* A. B. who lives at No. 3 *Angel* court!

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

The young men still wear their coats very short, excessively *degage,* and with the lapels buttoned.... Each lapel has now seven buttons instead of six. The three cocked hat is strictly and exclusively for full dress. The cockade is subject, as well as the *zephyrs* which surmount it, to almost daily changes in the combination of the three colours. The cravat is no longer so large. A great many wear frills. They wear to their knee bands very small, plain gold buckles, round or square, with rounded corners; and in their shoes silver buckles of a middling breadth, from fourteen to sixteen lignes, with cords or pearls. These buckles are also round or square, with rounded corners. The use of gold pins is no longer so general among either men or women. They wear boots *a la Suwarrow,* without a seam, or with loose turns down of a leather colour. The artist, who has discovered the mode of kneading the leather so as to make solid boots, without any apparent seam at least, uses for the turns down a glossy gum, which prevents stains.

In the lady's dress, rose, orange, and scarlet are the prevailing colours. The last has the preference. A broad velvet ribbon of scarlet colour, with black edging, is worn round the crown of the white hats *a la Pamela,* which are as yet confined to the class of the first rate fashionables. The head-dresses in hair, which are equal in repute with the turbans, are generally ornamented with a wreath of two branches, in shape of a diadem, made of cherry blossoms, without leaves and sometimes of camomile flowers.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Various articles of great merit have been received of late from many of the most ingenious of our correspondents. At the *convenient season,* they shall be specially acknowledged, and receive due attention.

We praise the good taste, and are obliged by the kindness of the gentleman, who has sent us some judicious extracts from Stoddert's remarks on local scenery and manners in Scotland. This is one of the most agreeable travellers we have ever accompanied. His book is the darling, both of the patron of the fine arts, and the lover of romantic nature.

An ancient associate in literature, who, when the editor conducted a rural Miscellany, furnished him with poetical ornaments, both bright and *durable,* is anxiously entreated to assist *him* and delight the public with the gaiety of his wit, and the splendid sallies of his invention.

The Moral Painter, who sometime since favoured us with a spirited sketch of the character of "MADELINA," is requested to persevere in this kind of delineation. We know him to be a great observer, and that he looks quite through the ways of men. If in any of the nooks of society, he will pluck out his sketch book, or cry *give me my Tablets,* he has the power to fill them with the finest moral proportions, and with an interesting group to arrest the attention of every Connoisseur.

"Stanzas, written by moonlight," are poetical and pathetic. The Defence of Cowley is powerful. It has been candidly read, and shall be promptly published.

We shall always find room for "HARLEY".

"ASMODEO" delights us. "A sketch of the private history of St. James's, since 1792, with the views, conduct, and character of Pitt, Fox, Burke and Windham" is impatiently expected.

The biography of Boileau will be resumed next week.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Messrs. Bronson and Chauncey have issued proposals for publishing, by subscription, Roscoe's delightful Biography of Lorenzo, the Magnificent. We are preparing a more detailed account of this work, which has a double claim to our attention, as it was composed by an accomplished scholar, surrounded by opposing circumstances, and severer cares; and as it transmits to posterity a splendid name, memorable not merely from the illustrious house of Medici, but because it associates every idea of LIBERAL GENIUS.

Mr. Groff proposes to publish the works of POPE, from the edition of Dr. WARTON. The writings of a Bard, so justly famed, and with a text, regulated and explained by one of the most

* Spem gregis.

candid of critics, are fully entitled to the patronage of every literary American.

A new edition of Shakespeare, very carefully and elegantly printed, and at once cheap to the purchaser and creditable to the publishers, is projected.

Messrs. Conrad, & co. have printed a neat edition of Lewis's new play, Alphonso, king of Castile. The rigour of contemporary Criticism, and the intolerance of party prejudice, have allowed that this is one of the best tragedies, which have been written within the last twenty years.

Mr. Bronson has published a "Specimen of republican Institutions." This work is neither an eulogy of democracy, nor an apology for the murderers of Charles I. or Lewis XVI. but an honest description of the polity of a state, "enjoying great quietness," *without a written constitution.*

Mr. Maxwell has in his press, and in a state of very considerable forwardness, a complete and elegant edition of the theological writings of Dr. William Smith, a divine who is justly celebrated for the fervour of his imagination, and the popularity of his discourses.

Mr. Dobson has published The new American Practical Navigator, by Nathaniel Bowditch, a work eminently useful to the mariner.

Mr. Morgan has published an octavo edition of Forsyth on Fruit trees, with additional notes and observations, applicable to our own country. The reputation of Mr. Forsyth has been tested by the experience of the gardner, and by public rewards, and his book supersedes every other work on this branch of Horticulture.

Messrs. Conrad and Co. have in the press a good edition of Emmeline, one of the most approved novels from the pen of Charlotte Smith.

The prospectus of a Philadelphia Magazine, to be conducted on the most liberal plan, and devoted *solely* to science and literature, will, at no very distant period, be presented to the public.

Mr. Humphreys has published of late many valuable Law books. He has now in his press some recent publications, which will be sought for with avidity, both by the lawyer and the merchant.

Mr. Carey offers a second edition of his quarto BIBLE, in the publication of which he solemnly pledges himself that neither care, attention, pains, nor expense, shall be spared, to render it as elegant as any offered to the American public, either of foreign or domestic manufacture.

Mess. Davies and Morgan propose soon to commence the republication of the British Classics. The first volume, which they will offer to the public, is Goldsmith's Citizen of the World, a book delightful from the playfulness of his "well natured" muse, the easy simplicity of his style, and the harmony of his periods.

Mr. Bronson has published a correct and authentic copy of the interesting debates in the Senate on the Judiciary.

Mr. Byrne has published the valuable reports of Vesey, Willis, and East.

Mr. Woodward will soon exhibit the *Beauties* of the Evangelical Magazine.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

A Mr. *Vaux* is an inn-keeper in the vicinity of this city. As a party were making merry at his house, he abruptly entered the room in a boisterous manner. But he was soon *gagged* by a wag present, who remarked that he was *vox et preterea nihil!*

A sporting parson, in the west of England, had the misfortune to lose his *Bible* and his *Pointer*. In an advertisement of his loss, posted next day upon his *church* door, the *Bible* is described as *dog-eared*, and the *Pointer lettered* on the *back*!

—

Two French teachers lately set forth, in the public papers, their rival pretensions to public favour. One of them declares he was offered *fifty-three* young ladies at a celebrated Boarding School; but that he declined the flattering proposal, not thinking himself *equal to the number*. This gentleman may be a very *wise French* teacher, but he is certainly no *Solomon*.

—

"Truth," they say, "*lies* in a well." For our part, say the wits of London, we always thought it a property of Truth to *lie* no *where*.

—

A dashing young buck, from one of our universities, was lately congratulating himself upon being appointed to an advantageous situation as tutor to a young nobleman. A friend observed, that he would now have the delightful occupation of "Teaching the young idea how to *shoot*." Aye, aye, he replied, I will teach the young dog how to *shoot*. [*M. Post.*

—

English visitants describe Parisian societies as consisting of men remarkable for their ignorance and barbarism, of adventurers and banditti; of women without honour, without chastity, and even without common decency.

—

Citizen *Bullock*, a *French* physician, has written as might have been expected, an excellent treatise upon the *Cow-Pox*. "Et *vitula* tu dignus."

—

Mr. Pitt's predeliction for *Bond* street is easily accounted for. He had always an eye to *security*. [*Morning Post.*

—

A curious bet, for a thousand pounds, has lately been made. Two noblemen, well known on the turf, have agreed to run against each other the first windy day on Hampstead Heath. The one is to wear Jack boots, and to run backwards against the other, who is to carry a large Umbrella over his head, and to run forward. They are both to run against the wind. All the sporting world are to be present, and great bets are already made.

—

It is a fact that a certain beau wears as much muslin and linnen round his *neck*, as his wife wears on her *whole body!*

—

Many who love to play upon words, take a delight in publishing *fictitious* marriages, for the sake of punning upon the *convenient* names of the parties. But in the Nuptial Register of that accurate and respectable paper, the Gazette of the United States, the following actually occurs,

Married at Norwich, (Con.) Mr. *David Pitcher*, to Miss *Mary Gibbons*.

Here we have an irresistible temptation to apply a few stanzas of a well known drinking song, and as we do it in the most perfect good humour, we hope it will give offence to none.

In search of *bliss* I'll never roam
From clime to clime, even tho' I'd leisure;
More *rapture* yields my peaceful home,
Where lives my love, my only treasure.

My friend so rare, my friend so fair,
With such what mortal can be richer;
Give me this boon, I ask no more,
Than my good man, and darling *Pitcher*.

Prolific Nile overflows her banks,
And Vegetation skips to meet her;
I'll imitate dame Nature's pranks,
And spring with joy to meet my *Pitcher*.

From morning sun I'd never grieve,
To toil a Hedger or a Ditcher;
If, coming wearied home, at eve,
I might enjoy my friend....and *Pitcher*.

—

SKETCHES FROM LA BRUYERE.

To a man puffed up with vanity, impudent, who talks much and indulges in impertinent raillery, who speaks of himself with confidence, and of others with contempt, impetuous, haughty, obtrusive, without morals or probity, without judgment and indulging in the extravagances of an unbridled imagination....to such a man nothing is wanting to render him an object of the adoration of many women, but a handsome face and fine person.

—

The spirit of conversation consists much less in making a display of our own wit, than in drawing it from others: he who retires from your society, satified with himself and his colloquial powers, is also perfectly satisfied with you. Men love not to admire you, they desire to please; it is less their wish to be instructed and delighted, than to be approved and applauded; and the most requisite of pleasures is that of pleasing others.

—

Some women have endeavoured to conceal their conduct under a veil of false modesty; and they have gained nothing by a continual affectation, but to have it said of them, "One would have taken her for a vestal."

EPIGRAMS.

Says Kate to Ralph, with syren lure,
Her ancle full in view, sir;
That is the love-sick number sure,
Where *one and one make two*, sir.

Quoth Ralph (a wag in gallantry,)
The figure's not uncivil;
But Kate, where *one and one make three*,
It plays, you know, the devil.

—

On a late regulation at a country work-house, by which the Paupers are deprived of both sugar and vinegar:

Don't exclaim, ye half starved crew,
Against the men in power,
Though they have took from you the *sweets*
They have also took the sour.

—

A barber in a borough town, it seems,
Had voted for *Sir John* against *Sir James*,
Sir James, in angry mood, took Suds aside;
"Don't you remember shaving me," he cried,
"Five pieces for five minutes work I gave;
"And does not one good turn another crave?"
"Yes," quoth the barber, and his fingers snapt,
"I grant the doctrine....I admit the fact,
"*Sir John*, on the same score, paid the same price,
"But took *two* shavings; and, of course, paid *twice*."

—

A certain visionary once declared that his geese and ganders were possessed of souls as well as men. The next night all his poultry was stolen, and around the neck of a throttled gander, the purloining wit left the following distich.

Since, though 'twas never yet divin'd
In Athens or in Greece,
Your wisdom has explored a *mind*
In *ganders* and in *geese*.
Goosecaps you treat of different kinds,
With eating and with arguing;
I take their *bodies*....you their *minds*,
Which has the better bargain?

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO

ODE TO POVERTY.

Thou squalid, sharp-nos'd, lank-jaw'd, hawk-eyed creature!
What business hast thou, squinting in my face?
I so detest thy look, thy ev'ry feature,
That I ne'er think of thee, without grimace.

Then why or wherefore dost thou come, bewitching
Each thing I love? to water turn my grog,
And stealing (so insidious!) to my kitchen,
Annihilate each article of prog?

The dollars, that once jingled in my pocket,
Now by thy cursed art so scarce are grown,
That if thou hadst a wooden heart, 'twould shock it;
Nay, though thy heart were even made of stone.

But not alone of this am I complaining;
Nature herself's so alter'd by thy power,
That fields and meadows, each gay tint disdaining,
No more to me display the gaudy flower.

Tho' late with rural charms each thought delighting,
The maids and milk-pails now no more can please;
The billing turtle-doves to me seem fighting,
And gentle zephyr turn'd the boreal breeze.

The din around is louder than the city's
The pigs and geese are worse than carts and drays;
The birds that chaunt on ev'ry spray their ditties,
Are to my ears a flock of screaming jays.

Where Schuylkill winds along in soft meanders,
I see no pebbly beach, no crystal wave:
His swans to me look very much like ganders,
And nought but mud his sordid waters lave.

And worse than all the rest, my friends dont know me;
But hold their heads so high with haughty stare,
That there's not one of them whom thou canst shew me,
To whose identity I'd like to swear.

E'en Chloe, who erewhile so condescending,
Would sit upon my knee with smiles so meek,
Now frowning, says, "in troth you need much mending,"
And scarce will suffer me to touch her cheek.

Old Noll, who always was the true quintessence
Of honest fellows.....sprightly, gay and clever,
When I approach the bar-room, shuns my presence,
As if he thought I had the yellow fever.

His nose was comely once, and finely florid;
His cheeks possest of health the roseate hue;
With pimples cover'd now, his nose is horrid,
And, to my eyes at least, his cheeks are blue.

Tim Staytape too, who rigg'd me out to cozen
The hearts of ladies fair, with witching looks,
By whose attraction, Delias by the dozen,
Flew to my arms, like school-boys to their books,

E'en Tim himself is chang'd! no more he capers
For me to cut the cloth, or wield the sheers;
No more that certain cure for spleen or vapours,
The splendid coat or vest this bosom cheers.

I cannot say how ugly I think Tim is;
I hate him as I do the doctor's pill!
His aspect, that was once so smiling, grim is!
His face grows even longer than his bill!

But as I'm sick of thee, and dont love railing,
And would not call thee an indecent name,
(I never was accused of that failing)
I will not say a word more in thy blame.

Yet, would it not vex even Job's meek nature;
And I, thou know'st, possess not half his grace:
Then what, thou sharp-nos'd, lank-jaw'd, hawk-eyed creature!
What business hast thou squinting in my face?

A.

SELECTED POETRY.

[He, who venerates the valiant spirit of a Scottish warrior, or who delights in Caledonian imagery, will peruse with no languid emotions, a ballad, descriptive, natural and pathetic. The Editor has copied it from one of the newest books on his shelves. Its novelty will allure some, but he hopes its merit will captivate many.]

OSRIC AND ELLA,

A NORTHERN TALE.

.....Medio de fonte leporum
Surgit amari aliquid, quod in ipsis floribus angit.
LUCRETIUS.

The youths rejoiced, the maidens smiled
And cold age cheer'd his furrow'd brow,
To hear that Ella, fair and mild,
Had listen'd to brave Osric's vow.

The sprightly bagpipe's patriot lay
Resounded on the banks of Clyde;
Renfrew ne'er saw a happier day,
A braver chief, or fairer bride.

But, ere the festive board was clear'd,
And ere the festive dance began,
Sudden, a messenger appear'd,
And thus his breathless errand ran:

"Haste, Osric, haste! to idler days
"Leave, Osric, leave, these ling'ring maids;
"Your valour thus while love delays,
"Our western isles a host invades.

"Perhaps amid this joyous crowd,
"No voice but that of love you hear,
"And honour's trumpet, once so loud,
"Sounds scarce a whisper in your ear.

"Haste, Osric; long ere evening fall,
"Our vessel far from hence is borne:
"I hear your brave companions call;
"Let me not see your laurels torn.

"Stay, Osric, stay," the maid return'd
"Her cheeks all pale and dim with woe;
"Your heart, that late with rapture burn'd,
"Can it so soon forget to glow?

"Ere yet upon my lips is cold
"The kiss you vow'd our love to seal;
"Ere yet the words the priest has told;
"Have perish'd in the parting gale.

"The gales, that waft you hence away
"No more shall bear the words of love;
"And ere again a kiss you pay
"Cold, cold, I ween those lips will prove.

"Your honour give the winds to take,
"To me you vow'd it all was due,
"And he, who can his love forsake,
"Will never to his king be true.

"Deserted in a foreign shore,
"Will honour heal the wounds of care,
"Or when the battle's wrath is o'er,
"Will honour smooth your pillow there?

"Stay, Osric, stay! full sure you go
"A double victory to pursue:
"That valour, which o'erthrows the foe,
"Your helpless bride will conquer too.

"Tempt me no more," brave Osric cried,
"Nor thus in fruitless tears repine;
"Ere back I turn to claim my bride,
"Honour and love must both be mine.

"When Osric shuns the dangerous field,
"Let infants lisp of Osric's shame;
"And all, who can a claymore wield,
"Shall pluck a wreath from Osric's fame."

He said, and hasted to the shore;
Long Ella's voice her love bewail'd,
And when her voice was heard no more,
Her eyes beside the vessel sail'd

Not now the east her steps betray'd,
She seem'd, so strong is fancy's sway,
As on the western shore she stray'd,
All nearer to her love to stray.

There oft she did her truth approve,
Her messenger the evening breeze,
And looking through the mist of love,
No longer saw the pathless seas.

But when the sun in clouds had set,
And slept beneath the western main,
'Twas all as if her love she'd meet,
And now was forced to part again.

"O cruel sun, so soon to fail,
"O cruel Ocean," oft she said,
"Could I but o'er thy billows sail
"To where yon happier sun is staid.

"Quick beat my heart, my bosom glows,
"To think how smooth the night would flee;
"To think that when the dawn arose,
"I nearer, nearer still should be.

Love, neither fear, nor reason hears:
The vessel parted, fair the wind;
But thoughtless Ella views with tears
Her country fading far behind.

What sail is this that onward hies?
And who towards yon eastern haze,
So sternly throws his eager eyes,
As if he kenn'd his mistress' gaze?

'Twas Osric kenn'd his mistress' land,
Her, little thinking soon to see,
Her, flying to the westwsrd strand,
He, hasting to the east countrèe.

Ah! who could bear such matchless pain,
Who in his bosom love has found?
But who the viewless wind can chain,
Or anchor in the wave profound?

He leap'd into the foaming tide,
He sought the ridgy surge to cleave:
And once, he touch'd the vessel's side:
Why dash'd him back an envious wave?

Faint and more faint his efforts grew,
Dim and more dim, poor Ella's eyes;
Now half he's lost, now quite to view;
She saw him sink, she heard his cries!

Death, like a whirwind, shook her frame:
No more she heard:....but only gave
The last farewell to Osric's name,
Her parting look to Osric's grave.

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